Vois sur ton chemin

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Vois sur ton chemin

by infandomswetrust (orphan_account)

Summary

France 1949- Dr. Hannibal Lecter is forced to take a job at Jack Crawford's boarding school for difficult boys and finds himself intrigued by the young Will Graham who pushes everyone away.

The Chorus inspired AU

Notes

Soooo... If you're reading this you're either bored and desperate bc you've already read all the good fics OR you were curious bc of my awesome tags
OR
you are actually a fannibal who knows the movie The Chorus!!!
Either way, I had the idea, I couldn't stop myself from doing it, enjoy.
Not beta'd

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1

“Welcome to Fond de l’Étang, Dr. Lecter.”

The heavy Iron Gate isn’t just to keep intruders out, Hannibal can immediately tell. It’s to keep the inhabitants in, caging them. It reminds him of a prison. But then again, what he’s heard so far, this place is a prison. Boarding school for difficult boys. The man who leads him through the door has introduced himself as Monsieur Chilton, and going by the offending smell of sweat he is the sports teacher. Hannibal dismisses him as simple and uninteresting as soon as he sees him. Painfully uneducated, incredibly ignorant and worst of all- terribly rude. The man continues talking but Hannibal doesn’t really pay attention anymore. He is repelled by the building they’re about to enter. Tasteless. No grace to the plain, blunt grey stones; nothing artistic about the smudged windows and doors; nothing beautiful about this accommodation. He frowns at the thought of having to stay here, the terrible stink of sweat and fear and suppressed rage in every corner. Hannibal Lecter is an excellent psychiatrist. Unfortunately he is also fond of rather unconventional therapy. He had to give up his office in Baltimore after one of his patients; I. J. Miggs had swallowed his own tongue during one of their sessions. Of course no one could prove that this had in fact anything to do with something Dr. Lecter had said, but a considerable amount of patients demanded to be referred to Dr. DuMaurier, a well-respected colleague of his. He is irritated about losing his patients, but he would be lying if he’d say Miggs’ actions hadn’t pleased and amused him greatly. The man was a despise and needed to learn a lesson. Hannibal had been curious if he could persuade him into punishing himself for being such a rude, unlikeable pig, and what would happen if he could. Well, it happened and now he’s standing in France in front of this unappealing building. He knows the headmaster of the school, Jack Crawford, or rather he knew his wife when they had both still been living in Baltimore. After Bella Crawford had died as a result of her illness, Jack had tried to move on and he did so by leaving the country. A few weeks after the incident with Miggs he had called Hannibal and offered him a position as psychiatrist at his school. Since Hannibal’s options were limited at that time he had accepted. He already regrets it.

Monsieur Chilton still won’t stop talking and suddenly starts screaming at some young men who are standing in a corner for no apparent reason. Dr. Lecter clears his throat and speaks with a calm polite voice

“M. Chilton, I must apologize but I am rather tired from the journey. If it wouldn’t be too much trouble I’d like to retire to my room now.”

The Monsieur eyes him warily, obviously not used to such carefully chosen words but he shrugs and nods.

“Of course, I’ll show you.”

They walk upstairs and as they go around a corner they almost bump into a young man. His hair is dark and a mess of curls, his eyes light blue with the hint of grey and they are a strong contrast to his pale skin, as are his lips, thick and red, almost feminine.

“Graham, what are you doing here? You should be in class!” Chilton yells and hits the boy before he can answer. He falls against the wall and trembles for a moment before he straightens his back and stares up at them, though his eyes seem to shift around as if he was avoiding to meet theirs by all means. Hannibal knows that could be a sign of intimidation, but he doesn’t smell any fear on the boy. His face is blank and his lips pressed together tight. If anything he is angry, but then Hannibal notices something else. He’s neither afraid nor angry at Chilton; much like Hannibal, he seems merely irritated by him. He’s still staring at them, his eyes dismissing the Monsieur completely now and wandering to Hannibal, scanning the stranger with an intelligent, quick glance. When he doesn’t make any move to go to class as ordered Chilton takes another swing at him grabs his arm to drag him down the hall harshly. He turns around halfway and shouts

“Pardon, Dr. Lecter, your room is at the right, in the boys’ sleeping hall. I have to take care of this one now. Action, réaction!”

Hannibal just nods and watches as they continue walking, Chilton yelling all kinds of curse words while the boy still hasn’t said a word. Something about the young man fascinates Hannibal. He feels intrigued and curious as he watches how Chilton shoves him into a room, continuing to curse.

Later he is sitting in an ugly plain room which is directly next to the boys’ beds and only separated from the rest of the sleeping hall with thin walls and thinner curtains. Far too little privacy. Hannibal tries to focus on unpacking, but his thoughts keep wandering to those blue eyes. There is definitely something hidden there, there is something about this boy.

When he attends dinner in the evening his eyes scan the dining room for the strange boy the minute he walks in. He finds him sitting on an empty table in a corner. Hannibal thinks about going over to him when a horrid smell hits his nose. To his terror he must acknowledge that the scent comes from the kitchen and what comes out of it, slammed on the boys’ dirty plates can simply not be called food. He shakes his head disgusted and turns to sought out the young man with the blue eyes again. There are two other boys standing in front of his table now. Dr. Lecter raises his eyebrows and walks closer to see that one of them is throwing bits of the blue eyed boy’s “food” to the floor while hissing

"Pourquoi ne me dis-tu pas ce que je pense en ce moment, sale monstre?"

"Oui, Will, pourquoi hein?" the other chimes in.

Dr. Lecter steps forward and asks in a cold, stoic voice

“Est-ce qu’il y a un problème?”

The two boys turn around startled and stare at Dr. Lecter, unsure of what to think of the stranger and intimidated by his fiery and at the same time ice cold stare. They mumble something and quickly run off. Will, as one of the boys called him, is sitting on his chair, staring down at his plate as if none of what just happened had to do with him.

“Hello, Will. Do you speak English?” Dr. Lecter asks softly. Will glances up at him but is quick to drop his gaze again when their eyes meet. His cheek has meanwhile turned purple

where Chilton has hit him.

“Of course, I’m not an idiot, *Dr. Lecter.*” The boy mutters. Hannibal smiles when he says his name, which he must remember from before when Chilton yelled back at him, with certain reluctance; especially the title “Doctor” seems more like a hiss than a word from his mouth.

“I didn’t presume so. May I sit?”

The look on Will’s face is a clear “no” but the boy shrugs.

“Couldn’t stop you if I wanted to.”

“Of course you could, by simply telling me you don’t expect to enjoy my company and asking me to sit elsewhere.” The doctor says but sits down anyway. Will throws him another look, dark, doubtful and distant before Chilton is suddenly standing beside their table.

“Oh no, Dr. Lecter, you better stay away from that one. Whatever Price and Zeller did just now, I’m sure he’s deserved it.”

Hannibal raises his eyebrows and takes a mental note to remember these names since it sounds like this wasn’t the first time they were rude to the intriguing boy.

“They were wasting his food.” He points out and motions at the floor where the remains of Will’s dinner are still lying. The young man grunts.

“You can hardly call this merde food.” The boy says and immediately receives a hard slap from Chilton.

“Dr. Lecter, why don’t you come and eat with me and the other teachers while Will cleans up the mess he’s made?” the Monsieur hisses and throws a cloth at the floor next to the food and points down in a commanding gesture, as if the boy is a dog.

When Hannibal walks towards the teacher’s table with Chilton he can’t stop thinking about what the two boys- Price and Zeller- had said to Will.

Why don’t you tell me what I’m thinking now, freak?

It seems he was definitely right before. There is something about this boy.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

In the movie, M. Mathieu discovers Morhange's exceptional singing voice and forces him to join the choir, here Hannibal discovers Will's excpetional empathy and forces him to conversations; sessions- whatever you wanna call it.

Chapter Notes

Well that was quick. I couldn't stop writing.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

There is a silent scream, not loud enough to wake anyone but Hannibal wasn't sleeping anyway. He doesn't need to look; somehow he knows it's Will.

"Will? Is everything alright?" He asks softly. He doesn't even have to leave the dump they call his room, there is only a stained curtain separating him from Will.

Silence falls and all he hears is how the young man is trying to get his breath under control before he mumbles

"Just a nightmare.- Sorry if I woke you." he adds half-heartedly.

"No worries, Will. I wasn't asleep."

Again it's silent for a few moments before Will mutters

"Good night Dr. Lecter."

"Good night Will."

*

"SILENCE! SILENCE!" Jack screams as the students are running through the halls nervously. There's been an incident. Garrett Jacob Hobbs, the housekeeper has been badly injured- due to a prank gone wrong they say. As the teachers and the headmaster freak out Hannibal just stands there and observes. They gather all the students in the yard and Jack screams that whoever's responsible has 15 seconds to come forward. No one does. Hannibal stays back and watches the crowd until Jack panics and picks a random student to punish. Dr. Lecter wonders if he's the only one who's noticed Will wasn't in the crowd. When the

situation calms down a little he starts looking for the boy and finally finds him in the empty classroom.

“You missed the assembly.”

Will doesn’t look up; he continues to stare down on a book he isn’t reading.

“They punished someone else for something *you* did, Will.”

Now the boy does look up, startled, afraid, furious.

“I didn’t do anything.”

“Will. I’m not going to tell M. Crawford. But in return you have to talk to me.”

“Talk to you, *Doctor*? You mean like a therapy session?” Will’s voice swings somewhere between anger and curiosity.

“It can be whatever you need it to be.”

“I don’t *need* anything from you.”

Hannibal lowers his voice and leans slightly forward.

“You *need* me to keep your secret. Or do you want to be locked up?”

It’s a usual punishment at Fond de l’Étang and while Hannibal is repelled by such ruthless behavior he is well aware of the effect the threat can have on the students. Will looks him directly in the eyes for once, just staring blankly and then he turns and gazes out of the window instead.

“I didn’t want to hurt him.” Will’s voice sounds quiet and almost all defensiveness and reluctance is gone for a moment.

“Then what was your desired outcome?”

“I don’t know. I just needed to do…something.”

Hannibal doesn’t answer and as Will continues to stare out of the window he reaches out to catch his cheek with two fingertips and guides his head back in his direction. Will winces and leans back in his chair so he is out of reach. Maybe he was expecting another blow to add to the bruise on his cheek.

“Will, there is no need to be afraid of me. I’m not going to hurt you. Why did you feel obligated to do something?”

The boy chews on his lower lip and shrugs.

“Not important.”

“It is to me.”

“You wouldn’t believe me. *They* don’t believe me, they just hit me when I mention it or call me a freak.”

Hannibal knits his brow and talks with a soft, soothing voice.

“I have already told you, I am not going to hurt you and I decline the use of epithets.”

Will glances up at him and drops his gaze again immediately, but this time not entirely, instead his gaze is riveted at about the height of Hannibal’s chin as he begins to talk.

“I can…feel things like other people don’t. When someone’s sad I can tell and I know why and I feel sad too. Or when someone’s evil. Garrett Jacob Hobbs is evil.”

Hannibal smiles mildly at the dramatic expression and asks:

“And why is that?”

“From some windows you can see into the garden of the house next door. A girl lives there; I think her name is Abigail. Sometimes she and her friend sit in the garden. He’s watching them… and-“ Will hesitates and looks around nervously as if he’s expecting someone to be listening.

“-fantasizing. About hurting them. Killing them.”

Hannibal looks at Will and is unable to mask his bewilderment for a moment.

“So you can read his thoughts?” he asks and is careful to not make it sound derisive.

“No, I can see through his eyes. I can… slip into his mind.” Will mutters and rubs his palms against each other anxiously.

“Into anyone’s mind actually.” he adds.

Hannibal sits back in his chair and thinks. If what the boy is telling him is true he has pure empathy, a gift that can be dangerous and damaging in a place like this. He can’t tell what fascinates him more, the ability itself or the fact that Will had acted upon it, trying to create justice by hurting a bad man. That is when he senses how strong the young man in front of him truly is underneath the trembling and damaged tissue of a wall he’s built up to protect himself.

“Will, I demand you start seeing me on a regular basis.”

The boy’s eyes widen.

“Mais monsieur, I’m not crazy, I don’t need a-“

“It wasn’t a question Will. We’ll start tomorrow.”

With those words he stands up and leaves the room. He can feel the young man’s piercing gaze on his back but he doesn’t turn around.

Maybe this is going to turn out as a right decision after all. The teachers are ignorant, most boys are animals and the building as well as the food is horrible, but Will Graham is interesting enough to make Hannibal oversee all that for now.

Besides, he still has something to do. On his way here a car cut him off and instead of apologizing the red haired woman had insulted him and kept driving. The food in the school is not acceptable and he hasn't eaten anything since his arrival.

Chapter End Notes

2 Things: I know in the movie the housekeeper is one of the good guys but I needed a reason why Will would want to hurt him. I also know that it's not Morhange who pulls the prank but Will is kinda a mix of all the boys.

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Dr. Lecter meets Will's mother

Chapter Notes

THANK YOU everyone for the awesome comments! I was really uncertain whether I should even upload this fiction, I didn't expect this kind of response! Love you guys <3

some french in here, see end-notes for translations

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Dr. Lecter is standing in the kitchen and preparing the rude woman's lungs as Chilton walks in and stares at him irritated.

"What are you doing? We have serviteuses for that."

Hannibal manages not to grimace and returns his focus to the meat.

"I'm aware. I enjoy the culinary arts; I hope this won't be a problem, M. Chilton?"

The Monsieur looks at him disbelievingly before shaking his head.

"Non. I don't think so. Monsieur Crawford won't like it though."

Dr. Lecter could care less. Jack has a lot of strict and unreasonable rules, but he hasn't been a problem for him so far. Maybe because he still feels like he owes him gratitude for once saving Bella's life after she had already given it up.

"What is that?" Chilton is standing next to him now and stares at the meat in front of them.

"Pork." Hannibal says, in distaste about Chilton's blunt curiosity.

"Oui, I mean where did you get it??"

Hannibal glances at him before cutting the lungs into stripes. He is fairly certain Chilton has no knowledge of anatomy and is therefore no threat.

"I purchase my meat from ethical butchers only."

“Mais c’est vraiment cher, n’est-ce pas?” the Monsieur mutters disbelievingly.

"Je vous l'accorde, mais je préfère un bon repas à un porte-monnaie plein."

Chilton finally turns to leave with a small dismissive chuckle and Hannibal is left to his cooking. After his hunger is sated he retires to his room and freezes when he walks in and finds the lock of his armoire broken. The folder where he keeps his drawings is gone. He storms out furious and doesn’t have to search for long until he finds Will, Price and Zeller crouching on the floor in the washroom and staring at the drawings. Zeller jumps up when he sees him coming in and after a look at his face so does Price.

“Qu’est-ce que vous faites?!” Hannibal growls, his voice lower than usual.

“Rien, Monsieur. Pardon, Monsieur!” Zeller answers hastily and bends down to pick up the drawings and hands them to Hannibal, quickly withdrawing his hand as if he fears Hannibal may snap. One drawing is still in Will’s hands. He doesn’t bother to stand up and clutches to the piece of paper. He tears his gaze from it and Hannibal can see in his eyes that he is astonished, stunned, fascinated.

“What is this?” he asks and finally extends his arms to give Hannibal the drawing back. The doctor darts him a fiery glance as he pulls it from his fingers with force and answers

“It’s called The Wound Man and it doesn’t concern you.” Unusually harsh for him.

“And now go, before I get M. Crawford.” Zeller and Price hurry past him but when Will wants to leave too Hannibal catches him by his arm.

“Not you.”

Will stares up at him, probably expecting yet another beating.

“You took something.” Hannibal states. It’s not a question or an accusation, just a calm statement. Will winces and slowly reaches for his back pocket to pull out the drawing Hannibal did yesterday. Before he hands it over to him he unfolds it and throws another look at it.

“Is that me, Monsieur?” he asks hesitantly.

“Oui.”

“Why?” Will asks and looks up at him, his blue eyes confused and curious.

“If something occupies my brain I tend to bring it to paper.”

“Am I occupying your brain?” the boy asks uncertain.

“You are very interesting, Will.” Hannibal replies with a calm voice.

“Sorry…” the boy answers and chews on his lower lip. Hannibal lets out a soft laugh.

“There’s no need to apologize for that. I am rather thankful for it.”

Will glances up at him before he quickly stares to the floor but Hannibal can see he’s smirking.

“In that case you’re welcome.”

Hannibal smiles and runs a hand through the young man’s hair. He winces but doesn’t pull away.

“Go now, you shouldn’t be late for class.”

Will hesitates for a moment and stares at the paper in Hannibal’s hands.

“Can I… May I keep it?” he asks almost inaudible. Hannibal raises his eyebrows in surprise but takes Will’s hand to press the paper into it. He feels the pounding pulse of the boy beneath his thumb.

“Merci.” The young man mumbles and hurries out of the wash room.

Later that day Will is locked up because according to Chilton he was out of line. When Hannibal asks what he did the Monsieur throws up his arms enraged.

“He was reading my thoughts again that saligaud!”

“You really see evil everywhere.” Dr. Lecter states. Chilton looks at him with a grim expression.

“In here? Yes.”

Dr. Lecter furrows his brow but doesn’t comment on it. A serviteuse walks in and yells to them through the room.

“La mère de M. Graham est ici!”

Hannibal looks at the hall clock. It’s not visitation time. Chilton sighs.

“The boy’s mother comes here almost every week. It’s her I feel sorry for with such a fûmier for a son.”

“May I talk to her?”

Chilton looks at him surprised but nods.

“Allez-y.”

Hannibal walks towards the visitation room and stops in front of it to observe the woman inside. She is relatively young, pretty and seems generally calm and quiet. She has the same soft dark brown hair as Will, although hers is not quite as curly. He realizes she has calm blue-green eyes that have nothing to do with the stormy grey in Will's eyes. He opens the door and clears his throat. The woman looks up and smiles sympathetic. Will doesn't smile often, but from what the doctor has seen so far he has the exact same smile as his mother.

"You must be Mrs. Graham. Dr. Lecter, I'm the school's new psychiatrist. Shall we sit?" he asks and gestures towards the table in the corner. The woman nods and answers

"Ms. Bloom actually. Widowed. You can call me Alana, if you want to. I've never seen the point behind formalities, they just separate people."

Hannibal sees in an instant where Will gets his intelligence. That however seems to be the only characteristic he has inherited from his mother. She is sociable, friendly and open and she keeps eye contact with a smile on her face the entire time. Even though the smile has sad corners and her brow is furrowed in concern.

"He got punished again, didn't he? What did he do this time?" she asks blankly and swallows. Hannibal looks at her for a moment and thinks about Will, locked up in the dungeon. If Hannibal Lecter has even the hint of a heart it shows in this moment and he doesn't want to disappoint the woman in front of him.

"Nothing. I assure you Ms. Bloom, Will's absence is of a mere medical nature. One of the serviteues took him to see the dentist."

He knows Alana sees right through the lie but at least she has the comfort of the doubt now. The woman sighs and laces her fingers together, absently turning the wedding ring she is still wearing.

"Will isn't like other boys…" she begins. Dr. Lecter nods.

"I agree. He has an overwhelming amount of what so many others lack in our times"

Alana looks up surprised and in a way relieved.

"His empathy." She confirms, visibly glad the doctor seems to know what she's talking about.

"After…after my husband left for war, Will got into a lot of trouble. Before his father left he used his empathy for simple things but then everything about him started getting…darker. He lost control several times."

Hannibal listens attentively. He doesn't ask her to specify. The picture of Will starts getting clearer, but he is still nowhere near to understanding the young man.

"You fear he might lose control again." He remarks and Alana suppresses a sob and nods.

"When war was almost over… Will's father sent a letter that he would be coming home on Saturday. He had served his time and they were letting him go." Her voice breaks and a single tear makes its way down her cheek.

“Three days before… before he would have been dismissed their compound was attacked. He died fighting.” Another tear follows and Hannibal hands her a tissue she thankfully accepts.

“Something broke inside Will that day. He stood at our gate every Saturday and waited the entire day. Waited for him to come home. When Will turned 16 it finally stopped but so did his talking. He barely came out of his room anymore and read anything there was to read about the war. These stories…they consumed him. His ability allows him to go to dark places and I was afraid one day he might not be able to come back. So I sent him here.”

Hannibal lets the silence do its deed for a moment before he answers is a soothing voice.

“There is nothing you have to blame yourself for. You feel guilty about sending him to a place like this, but at the time you saw it as your only choice.”

The woman presses her lips together and looks up with sad, tired eyes.

“I only want what’s best for him.”

Chapter End Notes

Chilton: "But that's terribly expensive, isn't it?"
Hannibal:"Indeed, but I prefer a good meal over a stuffed wallet."
+
Hannibal: "What are you doing?!"
Zeller: "Nothing, Monsieur. Sorry, Monsieur!"
+
saligaud=bastard
+
Serviteuse: "M. Graham's mother is here."
+
fumier=scum, swine
+
Allez-y = Go ahead

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Hannibal and Will have their first session

Will sits still in his cell when Hannibal enters the dungeon. Although he's physically here he seems to be completely elsewhere. His eyes are open but they are empty and stare off into space. Hannibal watches him fascinated for a while before he clears his throat. Will jerks his head up and stares at Hannibal.

"No one's supposed to be down here. I'm under isolation." He begins but stops when Hannibal raises his hand.

"We have an agreement, remember? Today is our first session."

"I don't remember *agreeing,* I remember you telling me I don't have a choice."

Hannibal smiles mildly and pulls a chair close to the bars to sit down.

"I met your mother today."

Will frowns and lies back on his bunk to stare at the ceiling.

"I may have to listen but you can't force me to answer." he says dryly.

"I won't force you to do anything you don't want to." The doctor replies and Will lets a sharp laugh escape.

"Then maybe you've picked the wrong place to work."

"Maybe. What is it that you said to Monsieur Chilton to make him so upset?"

"Why do you care?"

"Because I find you interesting."

"I'm not a book."

"What are you, Will?"

The boy swallows and sits up so he can look at Hannibal.

"I'm a teacup everyone tries to break."

“I’m not trying to break you.” Hannibal points out with a calming voice.

“Maybe. Not yet.” Will mutters and lies back down.

“Tell me about your nightmares, Will.”

“No.”

“Then what would you like to talk about?”

Will is silent for a few moments and the doctor thinks he might snap again but instead he tilts his head so his eyes meet Hannibal’s.

“Where did you learn to draw like that?” he asks and holds Hannibal’s gaze for a moment longer before turning back to the ceiling.

“Drawing is something I’ve always enjoyed. It calms me. What do you do to calm yourself Will?”

The boy huff and shrugs

“I used to like fishing, before…-” he trails off and presses his lips together.

“Do you know how to fish, Dr. Lecter?” he asks after a few moments of silence have passed.

“I don’t. It is a lot like hunting however, isn’t it?”

Will shakes his head.

“No, they are similar but fishing is about patience, silence and the right lure.- So you hunt?” he asks curiously and stands up to walk closer to the bars. In the dim light Hannibal can see that there’s a new bruise on his face that spreads over one eyebrow down to his jawline. He stands too and answers

“In a way. Will, may I take a look at that?” He motions at the bruise and Will instinctively takes a step back.

“It’s nothing.” he says and stares at the floor.

“I just want to make sure. I’ve told you before; there is no need to be afraid of me.”

Will takes a step towards the bars hesitantly and another until he stands close enough so Hannibal can reach through. When he cups his cheek with a warm, steadying hand Will exhales audibly. Hannibal strokes some of his curls back to get a better look at the bruise and carefully presses his thumb against the skin to see if anything is broken. Will winces and closes his eyes.

“It stings.” he mutters through gritted teeth.

“I’ll find something to give you against the pain. Fortunately nothing is broken, the bruises are shallow.” He gently strokes his thumb over Will’s cheek while speaking and they stay like this for a few more moments before Hannibal pulls his arm back and leaves before Crawford realizes he is down here. Will gazes after him and when he’s almost at the door he turns his back to Hannibal and asks quietly

“Will you come again tomorrow?”

Hannibal stops and smiles to himself. The boy is already starting to let his guard down.

“Of course.”

“Good night Dr. Lecter.”

“Good night Will.”

*

The next day Will vomits on the cell floor. Hannibal isn’t surprised considering the poisonous dishes they call “food” here. When he finds out however, that instead of sending the boy to a doctor Jack extends his detention and makes him responsible for the chores for an entire month he is infuriated.

“Jack, you’re giving him more than he can handle.”

“Will Graham can handle a lot; don’t let yourself get fooled by that poor-sick-little-boy impression, Dr. Lecter.”

“I disagree. I have started therapy with Will and…”

“You started his therapy without my consent?!”

“I’m a psychiatrist, Jack. This is why I am here.”

“You’re here to try to fix the ones that are immune to our treatments.”

Hannibal frowns at how disrespectful Jack spits these words out.

“I cannot *fix* the young men your treatment has broken in the first place.” He answers sharply and Jack huffs and shouts

“Are you questioning my methods Dr. Lecter? Are you sure *you’re* in the position to judge unconventional treatment?!”

Hannibal narrows his eyes. Of course Jack has somehow heard about the incident with Miggs. Of course he knows.

“Do I have your consent to give therapy to Will?” he asks with a low suppressed voice.

“Why ask my permission if you’re already doing it?”

Jack dismisses Hannibal and the doctor knows that was a yes, even if M. Crawford is too proud to phrase it any other way.

That evening Hannibal cooks again. The entire house is already asleep, or at least he thinks so, when he suddenly hears a muffled sound from the hall. He walks out and finds Will crouching on the floor and scrubbing the tiles.

“Will, what are you doing? It’s past curfew.”

The boy startles and jerks his head up but relaxes visibly when he recognizes Hannibal.

“I can’t sleep and I have to finish cleaning the hall anyway…”

“Which you can. Tomorrow.” Hannibal says in a stern voice. Will looks horrible, deep shadows under his eyes, the corners of his lips drooping and Hannibal is fairly sure the boy has lost weight since he first saw him two weeks ago. He didn’t see him at dinner today, or the day before that and he bends down to help Will up.

“When was the last time you’ve eaten something, Will?” he asks as Will is trying to steady himself.

“I don’t know. I don’t want to vomit again.” The boy answers and is slightly shaking. Hannibal cups his elbow and leads him to the kitchen.

“Monsieur, I’m not allowed to enter…” he starts protesting but then stops and inhales. The scent is making his mouth water and he realizes just how hungry he is.

“Are you cooking?” the boy asks curiously and takes a few reluctant steps towards the pots on the stove. Hannibal smiles when he sees how he closes his eyes and inhales deeply.

“Evidently. Do you know how to cook?”

Will shakes his head.

“Maman wanted to teach me once but then… I lost interest.”

“You mean after your father left?” Hannibal asks with a soft voice, speaking slowly and carefully.

Will frowns and shrugs. He doesn’t want to talk about his father. He doesn’t want to talk at all, he just wants to sit there and enjoy the delicious smell. He watches Hannibal for a while as he is expertly mixing ingredients, adding spices, cutting meat.

“Is there anything you *can’t* do, Dr. Lecter?” he asks sarcastically. Not only has the strange man fascinating drawing skills, he is also obviously adept as a médecin and, as it turns out, as a cook.

The doctor throws him an amused glance while finishing a thick, yellow sauce. He fetches a spoon and tastes it, then he walks over to Will.

“Sauce Hollondaise. Try it.” he orders and carefully cups Will’s cheek with one hand while he guides the spoon to the boy’s lips with the other. Will winces and tries to pull back but Hannibal holds him in place and tilts his head so he is forced to look at him.

“Will. It’s okay. I’m not going to hurt you.”

Will relaxes slightly under the doctor’s calming words and parts his lips obedient. Hannibal slides the spoon in and watches Will’s reaction as he tastes it. A drop of sauce lands on his lower lip as Hannibal withdraws the spoon and the doctor catches it with his thumb, brushing over Will’s lower lip. The boy hesitates and suddenly licks the drop off Hannibal’s finger.

“It’s good…” he mutters, cheeks flushed and pupils dilated as Hannibal steps back to continue with his task on the cutting board.

When the meal is ready Hannibal sits opposite Will and watches how they boy starts eating hungrily. He can see how much he is struggling to keep his table manners and take slow, small bites and he wonders how long it has been since Will had a proper meal.

“What did you say to my mother last week?” the boy suddenly asks.

“I did not tell her you were on lock-up, if that’s what you’re implying.”

Will nods and takes a drink from the smudgy glass of water next to him.

“Thank you.” he mutters into the glass.

“She worries about you.”

“I’m not a kid anymore. It was her decision to put me here. The least she could do is to expect me to be able to handle it.”

“Do you expect yourself to be able to handle it?” Hannibal asks and sees how Will’s lips curl into something resembling a bitter smile.

“You asked me what I said to upset M. Chilton. I told him he feels intimidated by you because you’re smarter than him.”

Hannibal laughs softly and Will joins in. After the boy has finished his food he stands up and moves to start cleaning the kitchen up. Hannibal captures him by his waist and stops him.

“Go to bed, Will. I will take care of the kitchen.” He murmurs in the boy’s ear, lips lightly brushing his earlobe. Will shudders and nods. Before he leaves the room he turns around and locks eyes with Hannibal.

“Good night Dr. Lecter.” he says without breaking eye contact.

“Good night Will.”

Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

Hannibal's and Will's relationship is evolving.

Chapter Notes

The song mentioned in the following scene is "Caresse sur l'ocean" from the movie, and of course it's originally french, not lithuanian. If you haven't seen The Chorus I strongly suggest you listen to it: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=uc2DU4UA2Cw

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A month passed quicker than a heartbeat and Will is slowly warming up to Hannibal. He doesn't talk about his father or his empathy or his nightmares, but at he's gradually opening up more and more. Hannibal learns the boy has a dog called Winston he had to leave behind when he left for Fond de l'Étang. The doctor likes to persuade himself that what they're having are in fact sessions, but the truth is the interest in the boy's unique psyche is slowly fading under the interest in the boy himself and their "sessions" feel more and more like simple conversations.

It's a rainy day when Will discovers Hannibal's gramophone. The young man hardly ever sits still and most of the times he paces around in Hannibal's room. From times to times he opens a book and reads the first few lines before returning it to the shelf. When he sees the odd device under the bed he crouches down to get a better look at it.

"What is that?" he asks curiously.

"It's called a gramophone." Hannibal answers and lifts the heavy machine on the drawer. Apparently Will has heard the word before.

"It plays music, doesn't it?" he says and stares at the thing warily, as if he doesn't actually believe it's true.

"It does." Hannibal confirms and watches how the boy lifts his chin up and searches for Hannibal's eyes.

"Can you show me?"

Hannibal smiles and fetches a record he brought with him from Lithuania. It's a collection of old choir songs. When the record starts playing Will stares at the device fascinated. Beautiful, somewhat melancholic tunes fill the air and he doesn't recognize the language they're sung in, but he feels like he understands anyway, like the music wraps itself around his brain and whispers through his soul.

"What are they singing?"

Hannibal looks at him for a moment before he starts translating in a low, smooth voice.

"Touch the ocean gently

Carry a bird so light"

Will stands by the window, his eyes closed, listening to the music, to the rain and to Hannibal's soft words.

"Return from places covered in snow

Fading air of winter"

Hannibal watches the young man, the way the sunlight, tarnished by rain catches his face, the way his lips slightly part when he exhales, the way his thick eyelashes brush his cheekbones as he is standing; eyes closed, peaceful, beautiful.

"Your echo leaves into the distance

Castles in the air"

Hannibal steps forward to stand directly behind Will and murmurs the next words in his ear, his lips brushing over skin.

"Turn with the wind, swirl around, use your wings

In the grey dawn of sunrise"

Will leans back into Hannibal and reaches over his shoulder to touch the psychiatrist's cheek. He runs his fingertips down his cheekbone and finds his lips, following their slow movements with his index finger, feeling Hannibal's voice on his skin.

"Find your way towards the rainbow

Spring will unfold

Rest upon the ocean"

The music ends and the only sound in the room now is the rain gently drumming against the window. Hannibal kisses the finger on his lips and closes his mouth over it. Will still has his

eyes closed and his imagination turns the rain into waves. In his mind they're in the middle of the ocean, floating in cool water that swallows every sound from outside. He feels Hannibal sucking his finger gently and tilts his head.

"I've never been to the ocean." he mutters and feels Hannibal's smile around his finger before the man pulls back.

"The impossibility to predict it is what makes its beauty. One moment the waves are raging as if God is determined to send another flood, the next moment it is a safe, calm blue surface." The doctor says and puts the gramophone back under the bed. He doesn't mention that the only time he's been to a beach was to dispose a body.

"It sounds beautiful." Will whispers and Hannibal wonders what kind of images the boy's mind is drawing about something so simple and yet so complex like the sea.

*

Hannibal doesn't know what woke him up. It could have been a noise, it could have been the same instinct that causes him to leave his room and scan the sleeping hall now. His instinct proves to be right. Will's bed is empty.

The doctor paces through the school, not bothering to wake up Chilton or Jack because he knows they wouldn't care. He feels himself getting rather uneasy as he can't find the boy anywhere. When he has looked in every single room he leaves the building and finds Will standing on the bridge in the yard, wearing nothing but his nightwear. His gaze is riveted on something Hannibal cannot see. Something that's not actually there. Whatever the trembling boy is seeing in his imagination, it led him out here. Hannibal quickly closes the distance between them and presses the shivering body against his.

"Will, it's alright. I'm here, everything is ok. Can you hear me?" he whispers and presses the back of his hand to Will's forehead. The young man has a fever.

"I.." Will's voice is hoarse and he looks around dazed, confused.

"How did I get here?" he asks anxiously and realizes how cold he is. He doesn't need Hannibal to answer; he knows it's happening again. He knows he's been sleep walking and he knows that the terribly pounding headache will not go away soon. Hannibal wraps his arm around Will's waist and supports the boy as they walk back inside. He sits Will down on a chair in his room and quickly wraps him in a blanket.

"Will, what did you see?" he asks after a few minutes went by in silence.

The pale boy stares at the floor and frowns.

"A stag. I've seen it before. It follows me. But this time it was different, it wanted *me* to follow. It led me through a lake but suddenly it stopped and a hawk with burning wings attacked it. They were fighting and slowly sinking in the water, but the hawk's wings turned the water into fire and I couldn't get out." Will's voice is shaky and quiet and Hannibal

observes him. As unfortunate as this is for the boy, it is equally fascinating. Will wasn't asleep; he saw that the young man's eyes were clearly open. He was hallucinating.

Now he sits in Hannibal's room, slumped and shivering with a fever. Hannibal stands to stroke through the boy's curls calmingly and pulls him to his feet.

"You can sleep here tonight."

Before Will has the chance to protest Hannibal has tucked him in the bed and carefully lies down behind him. The bed is awfully narrow, but Will doesn't mind Hannibal pressing against his back. It makes him feel secure, warm, sheltered. He winces a little bit when Hannibal's arm slides around his waist. When the arm pulls him closer and a flat hand starts stroking slow circles over his abdomen, a soft sigh escapes Will's throat.

He remembers the gramophone on the floor beneath them and turns around in Hannibal's arms, so that they are chest-to-chest, Will lying half on top of the doctor. Hannibal moves his hand up to the back of Will's head and tugs at his hair to pull his face down to his. They find the other's mouth easily in the darkness and Hannibal presses his tongue past the boy's already parted, waiting lips. He licks along the inside of Will's cheeks, tests the sharpness of his teeth and entangles their tongues until Will moans softly and grabs a fistful of Hannibal's shirt, pressing himself closer and begging the doctor to deepen the kiss by tilting his head and parting his lips further. Hannibal sucks on Will's lower lip and quickly shoves his tongue deeper into his mouth to silence him when a louder moan escapes the boy's throat.

When they break the kiss both are panting and Will is half-hard against Hannibal's thigh. Will looks directly into Hannibal's eyes, their noses almost touching, and stares deeply into the maroon darkness. Hannibal lifts his head to lick over Will's lower lip slowly before the boy rests his head in the crook of his neck. Hannibal's hand finds Will's, which is sprawled out on the doctor's chest, and laces their fingers together. The young man nuzzles against his neck and whispers, hot breath against the psychiatrists skin:

"Good night Dr. Lecter."

Hannibal strokes through his curls with one hand and squeezes Will's hand with the other.

"Good night Will"

In the next morning, Hannibal wakes up before dawn; a pale, fragile creature pressed against him. Their hands are still entangled and Will's lips seem to be a hint redder than usual. With a sigh Hannibal picks the boy up and is alarmed by how little he weighs. He carries him back to his own bed and quickly scans the room to make sure all the boys are sleeping before he bends down to press a light kiss on Will's forehead and, feeling tempted by the way the rising sun ghosts over his skin, his soft lips. The boy sighs in his sleep but doesn't wake up.

*

They don't talk about the kiss, but something has changed between them. During their sessions Will looks at Hannibal more directly and everything they do seems to be more intimate. One day, Will is sitting in Hannibal's room and Hannibal crouches down in front of him to run both his hands up Will inner thighs. Another time Will kisses the corner of Hannibal's mouth as the doctor reads to him from one of his books.

But the most memorable thing happens a few days before Will's nightmare starts to make sense. They are in Hannibal's room once again and Hannibal is occupying the chair while Will is sitting on the edge of the bed. Two hours earlier, the news that Garret Jacob Hobbs has died as result of an infection he got due to his injuries reached Fond de l'Étang.

"How do you feel Will?"

The boy hasn't spoken since the announcement was made.

"Torn."

It's a single word that escapes his throat before he seals his lips again.

"How so?"

Will swallows and shrugs, suddenly the same defensive, reluctant and distant boy he was two months ago. The doctor stands to sit next to Will on the bed.

"Don't you trust me, Will?"

Will shrugs again but he reaches for Hannibal's hand and pulls it in his lap. His fingers start absently toying with Hannibal's. A long time passes until he answers.

"I don't feel bad. Just…accepting."

"If what you saw in the man was true you might have saved the lifes of two girls."

"Ok. I feel relieved."

Hannibal pulls his hand free to sink it into Will's hair instead.

"What else?"

"Powerful. Proud. Free." Will answers monotonous and closes his eyes as Hannibal begins to tenderly massage his scalp.

"What is wrong with me? A man died because of me." He whispers desperately.

"There is nothing wrong with you Will. Garrett Jacob Hobbs was a bad man. Doing bad things to bad people makes us feel good."

"But if we do bad things what makes us so different from them?" Will replies weakly.

Hannibal thinks for a while before he answers.

“The world is not just black and white. And unfortunately it is easy to get lost in all the grey.”

The boy swallows and opens his eyes.

“But I’m not lost. You found me.”

Chapter End Notes

So there will be some smut in the next chapter, but The Chorus was a constant part of my childhood and somehow I feel like I'm violationg the innocene of the movie by writing smut in this set-up.
But on the other hand I LOVE their relationship in this AU...
So just tell me how far I should take this?
Do you want smut?
I know you do.
I have lots of ideas, but I just feel like asking for your 'ok' first.

In the end I'll probably do what I want anyway *smirks*

Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

Alana doesn't like the kind of attention Will is getting from Hannibal

Chapter Notes

This is just an entrée, more will follow in the next chapters, you lil pervs ;P

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hannibal leans in and kisses Will for the second time, this time at the light of day. Slow, calm movements; no tongue, no teeth, just warm lips. Will reaches for Hannibal's jacket and clutches at the collar, pulling him closer and shifting on the bed until he's almost sitting in the older man's lap. Hannibal parts the boy's lips with his tongue and deepens the kiss. When his hand tugs at Will's hair, the empath lets his head drop back, baring his throat to the doctor. The young man's breath catches when Hannibal starts licking over his pulse point and lets his lips ghost over almost every inch of skin until he finally closes them and sucks hard enough to make Will squirm, but not hard enough to bruise.

Will knows exactly how wrong what they're doing is, and that makes it all the more exciting.

He swallows when he feels Hannibal's hand moving up his thigh and gasps loudly when it suddenly presses between his legs. No one has ever touched him there. But he trusts Hannibal. He *wants* him to touch him. Will arches his back and presses his hips up against Hannibal's hand to increase the friction. By the time they find each other's lips again Hannibal is slowly palming him through the fabric of his pants and Will is fully hard against his hand. The doctor swallows every moan Will lets escape into his mouth while the kisses start getting more urgent and hastier. Suddenly Will grabs Hannibal's hand and shoves it away to unbutton his trousers with the other one.

"Please…" he breathes and pulls Hannibal's hand back into his lap. He isn't sure what he's asking for but he knows Hannibal can give it to him. Then he presses his lips back onto Hannibal's and grasps his collar with ink-stained fingers. When a firm hand reaches past the hem of his pants and wraps around his length he groans and almost rips Hannibal's shirt apart as his fists tighten in the fabric.

What they're doing is *so* wrong, such a delicate taboo, such an exciting sin, such a scandalous sensation. He doesn't feel guilty. There was a desire for this inside him for weeks and the kiss has only strengthened it. He feels safe and loved. Cared for. Hannibal makes the

grey halls of Fond de l'Étang seem less cold. Less alone. Less frightening. He understands him.

Hannibal starts stroking him slowly and his other hand grasps Will's hip to keep him in place when the young man arches into the touch. Will mutters under his breath, a hurried rush of French curses he would get hit for under different circumstances. When Hannibal tightens his grip Will can't suppress a loud moan and Hannibal's hand quickly leaves his hip to cover his mouth. They have to be quiet. There's no such thing as privacy in Fond de l'Étang. Hannibal speeds up his pace, knowing they have to be fast too. Dinner is almost over. He feels Will's tongue flicking against his palm and the boy reaches up to grasp his wrist and sucks three of Hannibal's fingers into his mouth, silently groaning and panting around the flesh. The doctor thumbs over the leaking tip and watches how Will's eyes squeeze shut with pleasure. He feels the boy's tongue continuing to snake along his fingers and knows how close he is. He leans forward to kiss and nibble at Will's neck while he finishes him off with three soundly strokes. When Will's orgasm rushes over him he bites down on Hannibal's fingers hard and a muffled growl escapes his lips. Hannibal withdraws his hand from the boy's mouth and replaces it with his lips.

"Sssh..." he mutters into Will's mouth soothingly. The young man doesn't really hear him; he barely notices how Hannibal fixes his attire and gently lifts him off his lap; he feels like he's in another universe for the moment. His vision is impacted by dancing bright spots and only as he's slowly coming around again does he realize he is panting. He turns to Hannibal and wants to say something but in that moment they hear the bell that signalizes dinner is over and mere seconds later the first boys enter the sleeping hall, completely unaware of what just happened here. Hannibal smiles at Will regretfully, he would love to keep the boy's company for a little longer but curfew has started for the students and soon Chilton would come to check. Will smiles back, hardly able to think straight, and turns the light in the room off to make sure the boys outside won't see their shadows through the curtains as he leans forward to find Hannibal's lips once more. The kiss is brief and shallow but it feels just as intimate as everything else they have just done. With flushed cheeks Will moves to leave the room and turns at the door to whisper:

"Good night….Hannibal."

The doctor, busy wiping the traces of their activities off his hand, smiles and can't resist standing up to cup the younger man's face with his clean hand and stroke his thumb over his cheek as he answers.

"Good night, my dear Will."

*

Two weeks after that, Alana Blooms comes again, this time during visitation time. She frowns as she sees a new bruise on Will's face and immediately asks him what happened. Hannibal knows he isn't going to tell her, he didn't even tell him. He probably got in a fight with one of the other boys.

Will and his mother sit in the visitation room for almost four hours, just talking, pretending everything is ok, pretending she didn't force him into this purgatory because she feared for

his life and the life of others. They talk about Winston, about the weather, about the trip Alana wants to make with him in summer. They talk about Hannibal. About Price and Zeller. They make fun of Chilton.

When Will has to go back to class, Alana stays in the room for a few more minutes. Dr. Lecter decides to talk to her. There is something he needs to discuss with her.

He doesn't know why, but Will has grown *so very* important to him. It's not supposed to be like this, Hannibal Lecter is not a person who gets these kinds of emotions, not anymore. Still, he doesn't know why or how, but the boy is constantly present in his thoughts. And he cares for Will. Very much so. He wants to possess him, to understand him, to own every inch of him, but he also wants to give him all the treasures in the world, he wants to give the boy everything he desires and more.

"University?" Alana looks at him doubtfully. He has suggested the Institut de psychologie de l'Université Paris. He wants Will to escape this place, to find a life worthy of him.

"Will could easily get a scholarship, his psychological skills are exceptional."

"They're not *skills,* Will has an ability, a sickness."

"Ms. Bloom, your son's ability to empathize is not a sickness, it is an unique and fascinating abnormality."

"Which will destroy him if he isn't careful. If he goes to Paris I can't be there for him, I can't control what gets to him. If he gets too close; if he loses control again…" Alana trails off.

"You can't protect him forever, Alana." Hannibal says softly. The woman purses her lips and stares at the table before she looks up with furrowed brows.

"Dr. Lecter, don't take this the wrong way, but why does this matter mean so much to you?"

"Because with his mind, Will could have endless opportunities if he-"

"I didn't mean the matter of University."

Hannibal raises an eyebrow.

"May I ask what you *did* mean?"

"I mean why are you so pressingly interested in my son?"

Hannibal is *never* speechless, but in that moment he honestly can't think of anything to say. He clears his throat and before he has time to think about answering Alana speaks again.

"He's been talking about you, you know. A lot."

"Then maybe you should rather ask your son why he is so pressingly interested in *me.*"

Alana's face whitens for a moment and then turns red. Hannibal can't tell if from anger or embarrassment.

"Are you denying it's the same vice versa?"

"What are you implying Ms. Bloom?"

"I think you know very well what I am implying, *Dr. Lecter.*"

Hannibal looks at the woman and can't help but think she'd be a great psychiatrist. He feels anger rising inside him. Alana has no right to do this, she does not own Will.

-*Neither do you.*- his mind whispers.

"You've been spending a lot of time with him lately. Not just usual sessions." He can tell how desperately she is trying to keep her voice calm.

"I am his only friend here." Hannibal replies, intentionally including a certain accusation.

"You are not his friend. You are his therapist. The only reason you should talk to him is because Jack Crawford pays you to do it."

He doesn't know whom he wants to kill more in this moment, Jack or her.

"Are you asking me stop talking to Will?"

"I am asking you to stop *affecting* him." She sounds definitely desperate now.

"It hardly lies in my control what kind of effect I have on your son."

"Then I'm afraid I'm asking you to stay away from him." Her voice is stern, her mind made up.

Hannibal fights to keep a frown from his face.

"If that is what you wish, there's nothing left for me to say." he says and stands, nodding her good bye and leaving the room. His heart is pumping with rage and his fists are clenched but he knows he doesn't have any choice. Alana truly is incredibly smart. He knows Will didn't tell her anything; yet she figured something is going on before it has even really started. Hannibal wonders if she told Will to stay away too and openly frowns at the thought. When he sees the boy at the end of the hall however, throwing him an ever so faithful look with his beautifully intriguing eyes, he knows Alana didn't say anything. Maybe she was too ashamed, maybe too afraid.

Hannibal is painfully aware that things have to change. If Will's mother is already suspicious it won't take long for Chilton, Jack or one of the boys to somehow get an idea. He doesn't dare imagine what might happen to the boy should that occur. He has to protect Will and the only way of doing that is to, in fact, stay away from him.

Chapter End Notes

Pfft even in this universe Alana interferes with hannigram

Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Something has changed. Hannibal has stopped kissing him, touching him, locking eyes with him in the halls in a way that makes his heart race. It has been almost two weeks since they had their last session. Every evening before dinner, Will lies in his bed, listening, waiting, but Hannibal never asks him to come in. Has his therapy ended? Because that's all it was, therapy, right?

It wasn't. He knows it wasn't and that's what bothers him so much. He knows Hannibal feels a burning desire, similar to his. He has seen it in his eyes. Why is it that he has suddenly stopped acting upon it, when they've only just begun?

During the days Will tries to occupy himself with all kind of tasks. He gets into more fights than usually because there's a lot more anger in him. He is angry at himself, because he doesn't know if he did something wrong, angry at Hannibal because he won't talk about it. He won't talk to him *at all.* He notices the way Hannibal's lips twitch when Will appears to dinner with yet another bruise, a cut or a black eye, but he never comments on it; he never comes to check on Will like he did that one evening when the young man was in the dungeon. Will is getting more and more upset. It's worse at night, when he can't control his imagination. He still has his nightmares, but sometimes he awakes sweating for entirely different reasons.

They haven't talked in 17 days now. Will feels worse than he ever has and Fond de l'Étang seems more like a prison with every second passing by. He's getting more aggressive and often snaps over little things. Today is the third day in a row Chilton hits him because he acts out in class. Will doesn't care.

It is then that realizes he can't empathize with Hannibal. He can see through everyone's eyes if he chooses to -and often without choosing to- but Hannibal keeps his emotions deep inside, locked up in a silver cage that Will can't get past. He wishes he could reach through the bars, and there was one moment when he thought he had; when they were kissing for the first time, his body pressing against Hannibal's on the narrow bed. It was just a crack in his mask, a brief moment where Will felt like he could see inside, at least partly. He wishes he could see inside *now.* He wants to know what happened, why everything has changed.

And he gets the chance to. It happens during math. Will is lost in thought as so often and absently scribbles in his notebook. The sun is shining as if it's trying to mock the students and tease them with what they can't have.

They're locked up. They're in prison. No getting out.

Chilton is in an especially bad mood today and Will doesn't notice his gaze is lingering on him the entire time until it's too late. The bell rings and as the students move to leave Chilton raises a hand and stops them.

"Graham, tu as écrit plutôt avidement aujourd'hui. Nous ferais-tu l'honneur de montrer ton cahier?"

He isn't honestly expecting an answer and tears the notebook from Will's hand. Will couldn't stop him if he wanted to, his entire body stirs and he freezes. He doesn't look down at his drawing; although he was absent while he drew it, he is very present now and aware what he has drawn. Instead he looks at Chilton's face. Will watches how the man's eyes first widen and then narrow, how his face turns white and how he unconsciously shifts away a little bit. He is terrified. Will doesn't have to look around to know the others are staring at him, some with the same look as Chilton, some with a scornful look that whispers "freak".

"What is this?" Chilton breathes and tears his gaze from the notebook to look at Will, his eyes crucifying the boy on the spot.

Will doesn't answer. He doesn't know what to say. He has drawn something he once saw, but not through his own eyes; through Garrett Jacob Hobbs' eyes. A limp, dead girl, her hair as dark as the blood dripping to the floor. She was mounted on antlers. Will has never seen a real stag but his drawing is accurate enough to be recognized. Her torso was cut open and her organs were on a table in the form of bloody lumps. The sketch in Will's notebook isn't even remotely as vivid as his imagination, or rather his memory, but it is graphic enough for Chilton to send him to Dr. Lecter immediately.

While Chilton is bombarding Hannibal with nervous and furious curses as he explains what happened, Will is sitting on the edge of Hannibal's bed, his gaze riveted on the wall opposite and his head lowered between his defensively raised shoulders. He look years younger like this, Hannibal notices and patiently leads Chilton out.

As soon as the curtain closes, Hannibal holds up the notebook. He is Will's psychiatrist, just as he is the psychiatrist of every other boy in Fond de l'Étang. Nothing more.

"Would you like to talk about your drawing, Will?"

"No."

"It frightened Monsieur Chilton greatly, I'm afraid."

"It doesn't frighten you." Will remarks, even though he has sworn to himself he wouldn't talk.

Hannibal merely furrows his brow.

"I am a psychiatrist, Will. If a simple drawing could frighten me I would have chosen the wrong profession."

Will bites his tongue to make sure he won't say anything this time and continues to stare at the wall.

"Does it frighten *you*?" Hannibal asks softly.

"I don't want to talk about the drawing."

“What would you like to talk about then?”

“You could start by telling me what the hell is going on.” Will snaps before he can stop himself. He stands up and starts pacing around in the small room, avoiding to look at Hannibal. Hannibal rises to his feet too and stands in the corner, watching the boy carefully.

“I’m afraid I must ask you to specify.” he says, although he knows exactly what Will means.

Will comes to a stop in front of him and stares at the doctor for a moment. He sees the calm maroon of his eyes and remembers what they look like from close. He sees the thin, perfect lips and remembers what they feel like on his skin.

Suddenly Will steps forward and shoves the older man against the wall, surprised by his own strength. He presses his lips to Hannibal’s forcefully and bites down on the doctor’s lower lip to express his frustration. When he hears a quiet moan he is more than pleased and also overwhelmed. The boy pulls back, slightly panting and stares up at Hannibal with unsure, timid eyes.

“Specific enough?” he asks under his breath and drops his gaze. He realizes he’s still leaning against Hannibal and moves to take a step back, but an arm firmly wraps around his waist and a strong hand tips his chin up. Warm lips meet his and Will closes his eyes with a soft sigh as Hannibal kisses him deeply and slowly. They boy puts his arms around Hannibal’s neck and presses even closer while the older man moves his hand from Will’s waist to rub slow circles in his back and tugs at the empath’s hair with the other one.

“I missed you” Will breathes into Hannibal’s mouth between two kisses and is cut off when a tongue presses against his. When they pull apart after what feels like an eternity Hannibal brushes Will’s messy curls from his face and murmurs

“I am sorry Will, but your mother demanded I put an end to our relationship, both professionally and-“ he pauses and considers his next words and what kind of impact they would have on the boy. “-intimately.”

Will’s eyes widen and his lips part with an audible exhale.

“She knows??” he brings out.

Hannibal nods and cups the younger man’s face, his thumb caressing his cheek while his other hand is still stroking through his hair. He has missed the boy so much, missed touching him, and now that he is here, standing *so close,* he simply can’t stop.

Will’s thoughts are racing quicker than his heart and he is bemused about the situation for a while before he locks eyes with Hannibal and speaks in a stern, defiant voice.

“I’m not a child anymore. She can’t make my decisions for me. I might have to stay in this hellhole, but other than that I can do what I want” he says and leans closer again before adding “-with whom I want.” Moments later they are kissing again and Will thinks that maybe he should draw weird sketches more often.

When they break the kiss Hannibal's hand has somehow found its way to Will's crotch again and Will is clutching to the doctor's arms to steady himself since he feels like he might collapse.

"We'll just…" he breathes and moans quietly. "We'll just have to be careful- putain!" Will growls as Hannibal squeezes tightly.

"They…" another low groan "They won't…merde, H...Hannibal!" Will rolls his hips against Hannibal's hand helplessly, begging him to stop the teasing. "They won't find out."

Hannibal glances at the clock. All the students are in class, the third lesson has just begun. Of course a serviteuse or one of the teachers could walk in any second. The risk is there, but then again it always would be. When he starts to work at Will's belt the boy suddenly catches his hands and stops him.

"Attends… It's my turn…" he mutters with a slight smile and drops to his knees. He has Hannibal's pants opened an tucked down in a heartbeat and the older man smiles at his eagerness and sinks his hand in Will's hair as the boy wraps his hand around the base of his cock. Hannibal watches him with mild curiosity.

"Have you done this before?"

Will lets out a bitter laugh, and Hannibal feels it as huff against his skin. The youth looks up at him through his thick eyelashes.

"When I first came here I was one of the weakest, so yes. I've had my fair share."

Hannibal frowns and stops himself from asking for names in order to give them what they deserve. He knows he can't start killing inhabitants. 'Rude' is written all over this school; once he'd start he'd never stop.

He reconsiders however, when Will sucks the tip into his mouth and runs his tongue along the underside of his cock. His hands tighten in the boy's hair. Will is good- *really* good at what he does and Hannibal wonders just how many times the precious boy might have been forced to do this. He feels rage rising inside him; Will certainly isn't weak, but he is rather small and thin and his slender waist as much as his astonishing full lips and his thick lashes make him seem *so* fragile and almost feminine. His silken dark curls and his bright blue eyes complete the look of perfect prey for the animals that wander these halls. The boy is beautiful, and the thought that some of the uncivilized, rude brats in here took advantage of him makes Hannibal hunger for their flesh.

"And now?" he asks, his words breathy and his eyes half shut. Will pulls back to look up at him.

"Now I guess they're scared of me." he says with a shrug and swallows Hannibal's length back down.

Hannibal slightly gasps at both his words and his actions and his eyes slip shut as Will starts to suck and massage the doctor's hardened cock with his tongue. The boy waits for Hannibal

to start guide his movements, the doctor's hand buried in his hair, and moans around his length when Hannibal's grip in his curls tightens once again.

Will is mesmerized by the occasional low sounds he is able to tear from Hannibal and sucks even more eagerly to try to maximize the sounds that make his own cock twitch. When he circles his tongue around the shaft and tastes precum he moans and reaches down to palm himself. Hannibal forces him to increase his pace, tugging at his hair and leading his head forward until Will gives a silent gag. When he allows him to pull back the boy dares to graze the base of his length with his teeth before he does, and when another drop of precum tears a hum from Will that vibrates around Hannibal's cock, he comes into the youth's throat hard and watches how the boy swallows it all down; a sight that arouses him almost more that than what they just did. He drops to his knees to face Will and kisses him deeply, tasting himself on the young man's tongue.

The boy's lips are swollen and impossibly redder than usual, and the knowledge that he is the reason why leaves Hannibal wanting to mark the boy permanently in some way. The normally so considerate and controlled man can't stop himself from leaning in without a thought and biting down on Will's neck hard. When a red bite mark is sure to be visible he starts to suck at the skin between his teeth to make it even *more* visible. Will is giving muffled cries and groans and continues to palm himself. Hannibal reaches down between them to pull his hand away and replaces it with his own. When Will comes with a tremble that doesn't let go of his body for a few minutes, Hannibal's mark is dark purple on the crook of his neck.

"That's the opposite of what I meant by careful." Will whispers once he's caught his breath again. Hannibal's lips curl into a smile and Will leans forward to taste it on his lips.

The bruise on his neck is throbbing but it's the first bruise in his life he *wants* to have. Now whenever he'll sit in class, whenever he'll get send to the dungeon, whenever he'll leave on a trip with his mother; he'll feel Hannibal's lips and teeth on his neck. He's absolutely sure that when it starts to fade in a few days Hannibal will redo it. Will hopes he'll redo it every day.

He claimed him, it's his mark to show the world whom he belongs to. -That leaves them with the problem that the world is not supposed to know whom he belongs to.

"I must admit that is a rather unfavorable placement." Hannibal muses and stops Will when he starts tugging at his shirt in an attempt to hide the mark.

"No. You're not allowed to cover it up." he says in a stern voice and pulls the boy's hand away from his neck. Will stares at him aghast.

"But, Monsieur, the others-"

"The others won't notice one bruise more or less on your tormented body." Hannibal says and lets his eyes linger on the considerable amount of scars and bruises. Will frowns and drops his gaze.

"You have been fighting a lot as of late." the older man states and Will shrugs.

“I don’t know. It just happens…” the boy says and glances up at Hannibal. “I’m sorry.” he adds. The doctor cups his chin and tilts his head up to stare in the boy’s mesmerizing eyes.

“Your beautiful body is *mine* now, and I expect you to take better care of it.” he murmurs and nibbles at Will’s jawline. The boy shivers and nods. Hannibal captures his lips for another kiss and a few moments later the bell rings. Will hurries to stand up. When he turns around at the door they can already hear the other boys in the hall.

“So am I back in therapy now?” he asks and smiles.

Chapter End Notes

Chilton: You've been writing most avidly today, Graham. Do you want to do us the honor and show us your notes?
+
putain!= fuck!
merde=shit
attends=wait

Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

This is where Matthew (aka Mondain) comes in.
It's all downhill from here.
*sings" I see fireeee....

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

In the following weeks Will comes to a ‘session’ every day. Sometimes they talk, sometimes they just kiss, and Hannibal refreshes his mark whenever he gets the chance to. At first Will was quite self-conscious about it and often tugged at his shirt but meanwhile he has realized that everyone actually seems to think it’s just from another fight. Almost everyone.

He knows he wouldn’t be able to fool his mother, so when she comes to visit on a cloudy Friday he puts a scarf on, despite Hannibal’s prohibition. She greets him with a warm hug and furrows her brow at the scarf.

“Tu es malade, mon chéri?“ she asks worried and Will nods, seeing an opportunity for an excuse to talk less.

“Oui, je pense que j’ai une angine.” he mutters and puts an effort into sounding hoarse.

"Mon pauvre petit coeur..." she purrs concerned and reaches out to stroke through his hair. He flinches and pulls back defiantly.

“Je ne suis plus un enfant, maman.“ he states and stares at her with sparkling eyes. He is still angry at her for telling Hannibal to stay away and even angrier for not talking to him about it. She hasn’t mentioned Hannibal to him at all, while he basically used to talk about him all the time. He knows she’s probably ashamed and most of all worried, but she needs to understand he’s not a little boy anymore. There’s nothing wrong with him making such decisions. But that’s where he knows they’d disagree. In her mind, it’s wrong for all kinds of reasons, so he keeps to saying as little as possible and is relieved when she leaves after only two hours.

He has originally planned to remove the scarf as soon as she’s gone, but when he makes out Hannibal at the other end of the hall a strange curiosity hits him and he leaves it on. When the doctor sees him he frowns and waits until the bell rings and the other boys hurry to their class rooms. Will doesn’t move and stands at the window, staring at Hannibal challengingly. He wants to know how far he can take it and what will happen if he takes it *too far.* He faces away to look out of the window, and when he hears Hannibal approaching he doesn’t turn around. Will is shocked when a body presses against his and Hannibal’s arm slides around his waist; after all, they’re standing in the middle of the hall, out in the open.

“I thought I forbid you to cover up your mark.” Hannibal growls in his ear and tears the scarf of Will’s neck forcefully while his other hand presses flat against the boy’s abdomen to pull him back against his body. Will allows himself to lean into Hannibal, all worries about being exposed forgotten for a moment.

“I don’t take orders from you” he breathes teasingly and gasps when sharp teeth drag over his pulse point. They travel further down and close over the purple mark, biting down hard enough to draw blood.

“You’ll learn to.” Hannibal murmurs and Will whimpers while the older man licks the blood off his neck. A second later the wet muscle is gone, as is the firm hand and the warm body and Will is left at the window half hard with a throbbing neck.

*

“What do you mean ‘you didn’t see reason to take action’? That… démon drew a murder scene!” Chilton stares at Hannibal disbelievingly.

“Will is blessed with a unique psyche and a dreadfully vivid imagination. Unfortunately for him that can be a curse as well. I assure you, Monsieur Chilton, the boy is just as scared as you are.”

Chilton gasps and darts Hannibal a fiery glare.

“I am not scared, Dr. Lecter, but it is my job to make sure these little bastards don’t kill each other or someone else. Action-réaction, that’s the only way to get through to these savages.” he snaps and decides to handle this himself. Nothing in Fond de l’Étang remains unpunished. Will ends up in the dungeon again the same evening.

When Hannibal is on his way to pay Will a secret visit a short time later, Jack catches him on the stairway and motions him to follow. While they’re walking towards Jack’s office he explains.

“We have a new admission. This one’s…different.”

Hannibal raises his eyebrows.

“Different like the other boys here or… different *from* the other boys here?”

Jack frowns and stops in front of the door.

“Both.”

He opens the door and Hannibal scans the office with his eyes. Chilton is standing in a corner reading a file while a man in an ill-fitting suit gestures at it and talks in a hurried French. A young boy is sitting on the bench in the corner; about Will’s age, remarkably muscular, empty stare. He doesn’t look up when Jack and Hannibal enter.

“Matthew Brown, he was referred to us from St. Féréol Reformatory.” Chilton explains and the man in the suit steps forward to greet M. Crawford and looks at Hannibal curiously.

“Dr. Lecter, right? I’ve heard a lot about you. I’m Dr. Dervaux.” he says and shakes Hannibal’s hand eagerly. Hannibal nods and turns his attention to the boy again. He has brown hair, messy and careless, and his empty eyes are an interesting mixture of brown, green and blue. His hands are tied together behind his back, a measure that seems unnecessary in Hannibal’s eyes, since there are four grown men in the room and the boy is just sitting there motionless anyway. He doesn’t even blink.

“May I ask why he was brought here?” Hannibal asks and turns back to Dr. Dervaux.

“Since he differs from his classmates we decided to study his capacity to adept to a more liberal environment…” the doctor answers hesitantly. Hannibal has to suppress an amused smile. Calling Fond de l’Étang a ‘liberal environment’ says a lot about the school the boy was transferred from.

“We performed several test on him, among those of course the Binet-Simon test. I believe you are familiar with it, Dr. Lecter?”

Hannibal nods. He is very familiar with that inaccurate, atrocious waste of time that has somehow successfully made its way into modern therapy.

“Well then, as you know, the test sorts children into seven different categories. Brown scored within the borderline zone, meaning he’s… well I wouldn’t say deranged; he isn’t actually mad, but according to his profile, he *is* perverted, parasitic, destructive, has a strong tendency to be cruel, and above all, he’s a mythomaniac.”

Interesting, but not really outstanding. Most of what he said applies to all the boys here. Hannibal dismisses Matthew as yet another animal that has been treated to turn into a beast.

“We’ll take good care of him.” Chilton says with a sly smile that actually makes Hannibal wonder for a moment if the man might have sadistic tendencies before his attention is pulled back to Matthew as he lets his knuckles crack; the restraint that has been around his wrists minutes ago lying on the floor. His lips curl into something resembling a smile as Jack steps forward, hits him and orders Chilton to take him to the dungeon.

When Will hears the door opening he startles. In his mind he has been on a beach; an imagination that doesn’t let go of him since Hannibal has told him about the ocean. He sees Chilton dragging a boy he has never seen before down the stairs and stands up from the bunk.

“Lucky day, Graham, we need the special suite. Remember that next time you feel like drawing dead girls.” Chilton hisses and the strange boy raises an eyebrow. Will can feel his gaze on him, but unlike one would expect it’s not the usual judgmental ‘freak’-look; if anything it’s curious, interested and almost *admiring.* Will avoids looking at the boy and stumbles out of the cell as soon as Chilton opens the door. When he turns around again just before he disappears into the darkness of the stairwell he sees the boy staring at him and hurries out.

*

Will is out of the dungeon but that doesn't stop Chilton from making him do the chores for three weeks. Five days after Matthew Brown arrived he is released from lock-up. Will is hanging up the laundry when he suddenly hears a muffled sound and the blanket he just hung up falls to the floor. Matthew is standing in front of him, smiling. In his hand is what appears to be Will's drawing. Will instinctively takes a step back. There's something about the new boy that equally repels and attracts him.

"I found your drawing. It's beautiful." It's the first time Will hears Matthew speak. He doesn't answer and stares at the other's chin, always avoiding his eyes. Matthew looks around in the empty room with furrowed brows.

"They left you all alone?"

Will shrugs and turns to pick another blanket from the hamper and hopes the other boy would somehow just disappear. He doesn't.

"I'm Matthew."

"Will."

"Will…" Matthew repeats his name with a smile as if it's the most beautiful word he's ever heard.

He extends his hand with the drawing in it and tries to make eye contact with Will.

"I thought you might want it back."

"Why would I want it back?"

"Because it's beautiful."

Will frowns.

"It's a dead body."

"Death can be beautiful too." Matthew says and raises one eyebrow.

"I doubt it." Will lies and bends down to pick up the blanket, desperate to bring something between them; to shield himself from the other boy.

"Then why did you draw this in the first place?" Matthew asks and smiles triumphantly when Will blushes and turns away.

"You're different, aren't you? People don't understand you. They don't see you. They're just small birds." the new boy says in a low voice and steps closer to Will when he winces at his words. "It's ok. They don't understand me either. We're the same, Will. We're hawks."

In that moment his nightmare flashes up in Will's mind, and when he looks up to meet Matthew's eyes, he sees the same fire in there he has seen on the hawk's wings. In a sudden fit of panic he pushes the boy away and runs out of the room.

*

Will is lying in his bed. It's long past curfew but he can't sleep. When he hears noises from the kitchen he realizes Hannibal isn't in his room and decides to go downstairs. He hasn't seen the man in three days; Matthew has brought a new kind of chaos into the school and Jack has ordered daily therapy sessions for the boy. Will feels a strange sensation of jealousy. Hannibal has held sessions with other inhabitants before of course, but something in Will sees Matthew as a threat. He's not sure what kind of threat, but the feeling is definitely unsettling. When he silently pads through the sleeping hall towards the door he doesn't notice that the new boy isn't asleep either. He doesn't notice that he glares after him, one eyebrow warily quirked.

When the boy enters the kitchen Hannibal smiles warmly. He has hoped he would come. Will walks around the counter and grabs a fistful of Hannibal's suit to pull him close. Their lips crash together with force and Will moans as he his lifted on the counter and wraps his legs around Hannibal's waist. The older man breaks the kiss and tugs at Will hair. The boy understands and tilts his head to expose his throat with the fading mark to Hannibal, who immediately sinks his teeth into the flesh. Once he's satisfied with the renewed, colorful bruise he pulls back and returns to the stove. Will watches him fondly as he moves around in the kitchen with grace and elegance, almost as if he's dancing.

"What are you cooking?" the boy asks and slides off the counter to throw a curious look in one of the pans.

"Chicken soup. It was my intention to bring it up to you. You have a fever, Will." Hannibal answers and Will notices the concern in his voice. He reaches up to press a hand against his own forehead but feels nothing. He never has, all the times he got sick when he was younger and his mother would tell him he's burning up, he reached up but to him his skin felt just like it always does.

"I don't feel sick." he says, although he is somewhat drowsy, but then again he always is.

When Hannibal puts the plate in front of Will looks up at him and mutters:

"I'm actually not that hungry…"

Hannibal frowns and his concern is growing. Will hasn't eaten anything at dinner today either. The doctor knows these symptoms, he has heard of an illness that erased entire towns a few years ago.

If the boy really has encephalitis, he is even more interesting than Hannibal has originally thought. Although he holds an immense professional curiosity he also extremely worried about the boy.

"You have to eat Will. Here-" he says soothingly and picks up the spoon. He cups the youth's face with the other hand and feeds him like a child. Will doesn't try to pull back; the leans into the touch and accepts the spoonful of soup.

“I wish we could leave this place.” he murmurs and closes his eyes as Hannibal strokes through his hair tenderly.

“Where would you go?” the doctor asks amused and feeds him another spoon. The ‘chicken’ comes from the same place as the vegetables in the soup; the woman who sold them was extremely rude and on top of that her merchandise was ridiculously overpriced.

The boy opens his eyes and stares at him with a stormy blue that seems to sparkle for a moment.

“To the ocean.” he answers after he swallowed the soup. Hannibal smiles and leans in to kiss his boy slowly and tenderly.

They stay in the kitchen for almost three hours and as soon as the plate is empty Hannibal pulls Will into his lap. The boy rests his head against his shoulder and they try to fill the empty silence of the grey halls with their words, and the depressing cold with warm kisses.

Chapter End Notes

Alana: Are you sick, darling?
Will: yes, I think I have a throat infection.
Alana: My poor little boy.
Will: Mum, I'm not a child anymore.
+
I wanna thank everyone for reading, you guys will never understand just how much it means to me <3

Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

A huge THANK YOU to BillyStone for helping me with the french!

Sorry this update took so long, I was severely stuck...

“What do you see in Will Graham?“

Hannibal furrows his brow a bit surprised. This is the first time Matthew Brown has said a word in one of their sessions.

“I can’t discuss Will’s therapy with you, Matthew.”

“Oh, I’m not asking you to. I’m asking what you see.”

Hannibal eyes the boy for a moment and leans forward in his chair, his hands clasped together in his lap.

“What do *you* see in him?” he asks and watches how the corners of Matthew’s lips curl up into a cold smile. The boy becomes silent again and doesn’t say anything for the rest of their session, as always. When Hannibal dismisses him he has an indefinite feeling that he should not underestimate Matthew; there seems to be a lot hidden in those cold, empty eyes and he seems to be somehow interested in *his* Will. Maybe he would have to break his rule to not kill inhabitants after all…

*

Will isn’t even sure why, but when Matthew woke him up tonight and motioned him to follow, he did. Now they’re sitting in the dining room. Will’s drawing is lying on the table in front of them; Matthew has kept it.

“Why antlers?” he asks interested and traces the pattern with his finger pad. Will shrugs. He doesn’t really want to be here. Yet he is. He could stand up and leave. Why doesn’t he?

“I wouldn’t kill like that.” Matthew muses. “I think I’d use a knife. Or crucify them, like sinners in the bible!”

Will is uncomfortable. He wants to leave, but on the other hand there is something so fascinating about the way Matthew openly talks about the darkest desires. The new boy looks up and stares at Will expectantly.

“How would you do it?” he asks curiously. Will chews on his lower lip and wants to shrug again but this time his tongue is quicker.

“With my hands.” he answers before he can stop himself. Matthew’s eyes light up and he carefully reaches out to place his hand on Will’s. It’s silent for a while before he starts speaking.

“It’s the same everywhere. People don’t understand us. But at least now we understand each other.” he says and glances at Will timidly, unsure if he’ll pull away.

“Dr. Lecter understands me.” Will argues and stares at their hands. He tries to pull away, but his hand simply disobeys and doesn’t move an inch.

“Yeah, right. They sing you a lullaby and when you’re asleep they start pawing you. You can’t trust anyone. I want to kill their kind. Little birds wouldn’t stand a chance if hawks started working together.”

In that moment Hannibal enters the room.

“Good evening gentlemen.”

Will’s eyes widen and he immediately pulls his hand away. He jumps up and hurries out of the room. Hannibal doesn’t deign a look at the boy. Instead his focus is on Matthew, his eyes narrow and the predator ready for its prey.

He steps close to the young man and stares at him with fiery eyes.

“I am warning you, Matthew. Do not speak to Will again. Don’t go near him; don’t even look at him. Do you understand? *One look* in his direction and what’s left of your life will turn into a nightmare.”

“Are you threatening me, Dr. Lecter?” Matthew asks unimpressed.

“Do you feel threatened, Matthew?” Hannibal asks and casually places the scalpel he’s carrying on the table between them.

*

Will is sitting on his usual place on the edge of Hannibal’s bed. He doesn’t dare to meet his eyes. So far, neither of them has said anything. He feels Hannibal’s stare on him and shifts uncomfortably.

“I…I’m…” he brings out and closes his mouth again. When the silence becomes unbearable he stands up and stares out of the window.

“I’m sorry.”

A strong hand grasps his shoulder and turns him around forcefully. He is being pressed against the window with his back; the iron handle stabbing between his shoulder blades. A hand wraps around his throat firmly and Will can’t hold back a gag.

“You’re *mine.*” Hannibal hisses and Will shudders, trying to struggle against the tight hold.

“I know.” he pants, the hand still steady around his throat.

“Don’t forget that again.”

“I won’t.”

The next moment Hannibal’s lips press against his hard and the grip on his throat loosens. The boy is caught up between trying to regain his breath and returning the kiss, and when the doctor finally pulls back, Will is panting heavily.

That night, Will sleeps in Hannibal’s room again, the older man’s arm draped around his waist, holding him tightly.

*

“How much is missing?”

“Almost 200,000 francs!” Jack sounds surprisingly collected in comparison to his furious facial expression.

Chilton, Hannibal and Jack are standing in Jack’s office. This morning, Matthew disappeared; an act that Hannibal can’t help but be impressed by. Escaping Fond de l’Étang is certainly far from easy. Money from the school’s safe is missing too and the jump from one event to the other wasn’t a farfetched one.

“I should have never taken that bastard to begin with!” Jack growls and slams his fist down against the table.

Meanwhile Will is standing in the dining room. It was far too easy to take the money; the combination of the safe was Jack’s and Bella’s wedding date, and said date is in his personal file Will found when he broke into the teacher’s lounge. Now, he’s uncertain of where to put the money. Suddenly he hears a sound behind him and the bundle of money drops to the floor. Matthew is standing in the door, slowly approaching Will like a predator waiting to attack.

“You took it. You took the money.” he spits out and corners Will against the wall that separates the dining hall from the kitchen.

“They think it was me. But you know that, don’t you? That’s the whole reason you took it.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“You’re a bad liar, Will. Really bad.” Matthew is standing extremely close now and Will can see that what he has mistaken for anger in the boy’s eyes is actually… disappointment?

“I thought you were different. I thought you were *like me*! But you’re just Dr. Lecter’s little slut, aren’t you?”

Will’s eyes darken for a moment and he dares to push Matthew with all the force he can bring up.

“Shut up!” he hisses and the next second he is being shoved against the wall.

“I would have done *anything* for you! But you, you choose him?! Don’t you see what he is? Don’t you understand that he’s just manipulating you?!” Matthew sounds desperate and the pleading look in his eyes just makes Will angrier.

“You don’t know him! Shut up!” he screams again. There is an uncertain feeling in his stomach and deep down he knows Matthew is right. He does feel manipulated. He does feel suppressed, controlled, and dependent. He knows that there is something very, very dark about Hannibal. But strangely enough, he doesn’t care. He accepts it because in his mind it’s worth it. Hannibal is the only stability he has ever had in his life, and he’s not going to let Matthew ruin that.

“Sooner or later he’ll betray you! He doesn’t *really* care about you! But I do. I would never betray you, Will.”

Matthew closes he last bit of distance between them and presses his lips to Will’s in the same movement. Will freezes. His mind goes blank and although he knows he should push him away he doesn’t. In that moment a serviteuse enters the room and her audible gasp wakes him from his state of trance. He pushes Matthew away, and while the serviteuse runs to get Jack, Matthew stares a Will for a moment before he says:

“I guess I was wrong about you.”

The next moment he disappears the way he came and Will is left in the kitchen; confused, unsure, alone. At least for a few seconds; then Jack storms in with quick steps, followed by Hannibal. Chilton is already outside, trying to find Brown before he has the chance to get away again. Jack stares at the money on the floor and up at Will.

“Well look at that. Will Graham, of course it’s you. Dr. Lecter, call the police.” Jack orders in a stern voice. Hannibal clears his throat.

“That won’t be necessary, Jack. The money is still here and surely Will will apologize.” Hannibal says in a calm voice and shoots Will an asking glance. The boy ducks his head and nods.

“Je suis désolé…” he mutters at the floor.

“That won’t do. And as for you Dr. Lecter, you no longer have my consent to give Will therapy. Ever since you’re here he’s gotten even worse. Gory drawings, stealing money; excuse me for saying so but it doesn’t seem like you’re doing a good job with him.”

Hannibal opens his mouth to say something but Jack won’t let him.

“Also I’ve received complaints from Ms. Bloom that apparently you’ve been spending a lot more time with her son that she thinks appropriate, so just forget about your therapy.”

With those words Jack grabs Will’s arm and pulls him towards the dungeon forcefully. Hannibal stares after them. Jack just singed his death warrant. Nobody tells Hannibal Lecter what to do, especially not in such a rude manner. Nobody takes his property from him.

After he has furiously scribbled some possible versions of the headmaster’s death, he sighs. He is a little calmer and can think clearly again. Of course he can’t kill Jack, as much as he wants to. But he won’t listen to the man’s orders either. He’s going to keep seeing Will and anyone who’ll get in their way will have to die. The same night he sneaks down to visit the boy in the dungeon. As he has feared, the boy is still awake, although it’s long past midnight.

“Dr. Lecter, I’m sorry, I…” Will begins but Hannibal raises his hand calmingly.

“I am not here to hear you apologize. What drove you to your actions, Will?” the doctor asks and steps closer, wrapping one hand around the cold bars.

Will chews on his lower lip and sits up on his bunk. His nose is bleeding.

“You didn’t like him…” he mutters and stares at the floor.

Hannibal looks at Will’s blood-smeared face concerned while his mind quickly puts the pieces together and he understands. *Sweet, foolish boy.*

“Did M. Chilton do that to you?” Hannibal asks, struggling to keep the contempt he is feeling from his voice. Will reaches up to press his sleeve under his throbbing nose and shakes his head.

“It’s nothing.”

Hannibal frowns. After almost five months, Will still feels like he has to downplay his pain, his fear, his uneasiness. He doesn’t want to cause any concern; he doesn’t think he’s worth being worried about.

Hannibal decides to let the topic go for now. Sadly, there’s not much he can do to take care of the young man with the bars separating them.

“Come here.” he says softly and when Will obeys he reaches through the bars to stroke through his hair. He pulls a tissue out of his chest pocket and starts to carefully clean the blood of Will’s face. Seeing the boy like this once again, hurt and miserable, locked up in a place that isn’t even worthy of the drops of blood and saliva that drip from his beaten face, makes him furious at the entire world. In this very second, Hannibal decides to do everything it takes to get Will out of here, to provide him with the life he deserves to have.

And a few hours later, when Hannibal is bent over the bloody, lifeless body of his latest victim, he realizes he can’t be part of that life.

End Notes

merde= shit
Hannibal says "Est-ce qu'il y a un problème" = "Is there a problem"
And my french sucks.
The title is from a song from the movie.
Should I even continue this nonsense

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